OUR WEDDING TRIP.

Our wedding day, dear John's and mine,
At last, at last had come:
When we as two should cease to be,
And love and live as one.

How eagerly we talked about
The places where we'd go,
All maiden fear was lulled to rest,
We loved each other so.

The words were said that made us one—
We wept our last good-byes.
O'er summer seas we sailed and sailed
To lands with bluer skies.

Where Arno's waters swiftly slip
'Neath Ponte Vecchio's stones;
Where Santa Croce's marble saints
Watch o'er her honored bones;

Where gleam the gems of art divine
On church and palace walls;
Where on the ear the Sistine chant
Like seraph music falls.

Across fair Naples' azure bay,
Where Capri's smiling shore
Woos those who love to feast for aye,
Never to wander more—

Through all that land of art and song,
Where love holds sway supreme,
We roamed and quaffed life's richest draught,
And lived as in a dream.

* * * * * * * *

Was this indeed our wedding trip?
No. Only what we talked.
We went from mother's house to John's,
And John and I both walked.

—*LeRoy Parker, in Century.*

HER "STEP ASIDE."

Pauline, However, Got Back Into the True Path.

M. Valrey gave painting lessons in a fashionable New York boarding school. He was a tall, spare man, whose eyebrows were just touched with gray, although his hair had grown quite white. His face was shaved clean, so that the deep lines showed plainly, but failure and sorrow had aged him more than years, for in spite of his wrinkles and white hair he was not yet 60. At 30 he had married and brought his wife to New York, hoping to win the fame and fortune denied him in France, and he won neither. Still, he struggled along gaily for awhile, believing that the rich Americans must sooner or later buy his pictures, give him orders, heap wealth and honor upon him; but the rich Americans ignored his very existence, and poor Paul Valrey drank the cup of disappointment to the dregs before the cup of poverty was forced to his lips. Finally, when his little stock of money had dwindled down to a handful of dollars, his wife bore him a child, and the doctor who attended her let Valrey paint his portrait in payment for professional services. The portrait was excellent and brought him a few orders, and he managed to keep a loaf in the cupboard, but at last he was glad to eke out a living by teaching. He had neither reputation nor influential friends to back him, and for a long time it was a hard struggle to get pupils, but in the course of ten or twelve years he achieved some measure of fame as a teacher of drawing and painting.

His daughter, when his wife dies, becomes the one object of his existence. He taught her how to draw and paint, he had her read and speak French with him, he educated her as well as he could, and Pauline Valrey grew up in the belief that all there was for her to do in life was to teach, and accepted her calling without dreaming of adopting any other. When she was almost twenty he succeed in getting her a position in Mme. Kenyon's famous school for young ladies, where he had given lessons for several years, and she began with teaching the rudiments of French and taking charge of the youngest drawing pupils. It was of her that he wished to speak to Mme. Kenyon, and when the note had been written and the tea brought in, he broached the subject delicately. Pauline had been two months in the school, and he wanted to know whether she gave satisfaction. He knew Mme. Kenyon too well to think that she would keep a teacher for any sentimental reason.

"Mlle. Valrey has the gift of instruction," said Mme. Kenyon, promptly. "I have been watching her closely since she came, and I am convinced that as she grows older she will develop into a teacher whose services will be very valuable. Moreover, Monsieur, she has such charming manners that she subdues my wild Western girls by sheer gentleness, and I hope they will take pattern by her. It is quite useless, you know, to preach manners; it is only by example that a hoyden can be trained. And my teachers must be able to do something more than correct exercises and hear recitations; they must help me to refine, Monsieur. I do not claim to send out learned women as Vassar or Girton do, but when a young lady has been with me three or four years I expect her to conduct herself properly in a drawing room or at a dinner table, to speak low and use good English, to dress suitably and word a note neatly. It is harder to teach all this than to teach Greek or astronomy."

M. Valrey bowed; he had heard these remarks many times before, and he only murmured:

"It is indeed, madame, far more difficult."

He had drank the tea, which he abhorred, and he looked at the fragile, painted cup in silence for a minute; then he said:

"I hope you will be a friend to my daughter always. She may need a friend any day, and you may need a new painting teacher."

Pauline joined her father after this interview with the mistress of the fashionable school, and as she helped him into his great coat she brushed a speck off his shoulder; she gave him his hat and stick, and they went out together to the bustling avenue, and walked toward the park. She was like him, tall and slight; it was from her mother that she had inherited delicate features, a fine-grained, white skin and bright brown hair and eyes. She could have sat to the most fastidious of painters for a portrait of a lady, but no painter could catch the charm of her smile, accompanied as it often was by a faint flush in her cheeks that faded while one was wondering what had lit up the pale face. She looked somewhat older than her years; she had been trained in a school that makes a girl of twenty a woman. Her mother had taught her to use a needle deftly, and she could fashion a dress or trim a bonnet to accord well with her face or figure; she had a true Frenchwoman's knack of putting a roll of lace around her neck or tying a ribbon at her throat. For her father, she cared in a sort of natural way, looking after his clothes and scolding him gently about his collars, and she honored him as she loved him, and since her mother's death she had hardly had a companion save him. He was always undemonstrative, sometimes severe toward her, but she knew that she was all that kept his heart beating in his bosom.

She and her father talked but little as they made their way to the avenue, for it was a raw, blustering November day, and the wind blew the dust hither and thither in clouds, seeming to take a mischievous delight in whirling a handful against a girl's face. When they reached the park they got into a belt line car, which, in its rounds on the edge of the town, would carry them to that unfashionable quarter of New York that lies near the East river. They had boarded for several years with the Widow Terry, whose house was one of a score called Harloe row, in a street not far from Beekman place. It is a quiet spot, given over to modest dwellings, and in the river just beyond lies Blackwell's island, with its great gray buildings. The avenue about here is lined with vulgar little shops, and the owners, not a few of whom are Germans, lounge in the doorways, lightly clad in only shirt and trousers when the weather is warm, while their wives sit by the opened windows above, and are on the alert to speak harsh words to the children playing on the sidewalk. A groggery, with a group of idlers about it, or a butcher-shop with carcasses of calves and pigs suspended in the windows to tempt a feeble appetite, is on every corner. Up and down jingle the eternal horse-cars, and great drays rumble over the stone pavement from daybreak to dark. The very policemen have caught something of the bedraggled look of the neighborhood, and seem far-away cousins to the neat, white-gloved wearers of the uniform who pilot ladies through the throng of carriages below Madison square. And Madison square is nearly as foreign to the people of the First avenue as Mayfall or the Faubourg St. Germain.

In Harloe row, just around the corner, noise and squalor give way to peace and decency, and the people who dwell in the neat brick houses hold their heads rather high when they cross the avenue. Mrs. Terry, with whom the Valreys boarded, was a widow, who, if she had not seen better days, had at least never seen any worse ones, and prided herself somewhat on her gentility, which to the outward eye consisted chiefly in going to church dressed in black silk. Her house was too small to accommodate many boarders, and she was very particular about those whom she fed and lodged. She could go to bed soothed by a sense of perfect security and unimpeachable decorum, sure that no roistering clerk would stumble up her narrow staircase after midnight. The Valreys occupied three tiny rooms on the third floor, and on the second were the Kanes, a sedate elderly floorwalker and his bed-ridden wife. There was room for one more boarder, and Mr. Kane had spoken about a young man of his acquaintance who would be glad to become a member of the family; but Mrs. Terry did not like the idea of a young man, although she finally consented to receive this one on trial for a fortnight.

"Mind you," she said, "if I smell whisky about him, out he goes. I won't have any cigarette-smoking, beer-drinking boys in my house."

It may be added just here that the late Mr. Terry had not been sober for a month before death cut him down in the bloom of manhood.

In the same car with the Valreys is a young man whose dress indicates he has no mother, nor wife, nor sister to perform those little services of fastening a button hanging by the eyelids, or mending a shabby coat.

When the car stopped to let her and her father alight, the young man alighted too, and followed them up the street to Harloe row, even to the widow Terry's door. There M. Valrey turned to look sharply at him, and taking off his hat, the young man said, his face reddening again:

"This is Mrs. Terry's house, unless I have made a mistake in the number. I am coming here to board. You may have heard Mr. Kane speak of me—Langmuir is my name, Hugh Langmuir."

His eyes met Pauline's with a wistful entreaty, and she smiled a little. So she and he came face to face for the first time, and in the minute that they stood on the doorstep their hearts went out to each other in sympathy. They were both poor, both young, and to both the beckoning future held forth vague promises.

And this is the prologue of "A Step Aside." Hugh Langmuir says at the Terry dinner table after honestly ingratiating himself with his fellow boarders, that the first week he was in New York he was mortally afraid that somebody might suspect how "green and country" he was. But in fact he is a good sort of lad, "though the son of a clergyman," and bright and chatty, and he soon wins favor even with Mrs. Terry, and does not go up to his room directly after dinner as he had been wont to do; and he lingered awhile in the parlor where Mrs. Terry and the Valreys spent the evenings. It was a hideous little room, with a green and red carpet and staring white walls. The pictures were mostly photographs of the Terry family, enclosed in shiny black frames. There was some artistic waxwork—a cross with a wreath of flowers, standing on a bracket in the corner, and beneath it a little marble-topped table held ghastly water lilies, which were protected from the dust by a glass shade. What saved the room from being a nightmare was the large table in the middle, covered with a cheerful crimson cloth. The green rep armchairs had a well worn, comfortable look, too; and when Mrs. Terry and Pauline sat sewing by the drop light, and Papa Valrey, who always turned his back to them so that the light came over his left shoulder, and always explained and apologized, sat near with a newspaper, the little group looked pleasant and homelike to the lonesome boy.

In this shabby boarding-house Pauline looks like a creature from some other sphere to Hugh, and it seemed when he brought her a few Christmas roses for her dress as though she had a right to all the roses in the world. He could not see a fat old woman lolling back in a carriage without a fierce impulse rising up in his heart to pull her off those satin cushions and put Pauline in her place. He hardly knew that he loved her, yet she had taken root in his dreams; he pictured her the heiress of a beautiful home, sitting at the head of a table, a liveried servant behind her chair, he saw her dispensing gracious hospitality, driven out in her carriage, walking about a conservatory, wearing fine laces and rare jewels. If he could give her all this! The thought intoxicated him, and as he watches her fasten the roses on her breast, he nearly spoke his thought aloud.

"Do you ever wish you were rich?" he asked.

She reflected for a minute before she answered slowly, in a way that showed how little she had thought of the infinite possibilities of the future:

"I don't know. Being rich seems like being somebody else. I can't imagine it. Sometimes I wish I had money enough to buy long gloves. It annoys me to shop about, trying to find cheap things."

"Oh, I mean more than that," he exclaimed. "I mean going shopping in a carriage and buying whatever strikes your fancy."

She laughed. "Yes, that would be pleasant, but a school teacher does not go shopping in a carriage and buy whatever strikes her fancy."

And so Hugh falls deeply down, or up, in love, as he pictures the girl, not a school teacher always, but rich and sheltered by his love, forever lifted from this plodding rut of school teaching. He tells Papa Valrey all that is in his heart after this conversation, which ends by his saying abruptly:

"I hate to think of your teaching a lot of stupid girls."

"Ah, but they are not all stupid."

"Don't you hate it?" he asked.

"Hate teaching? I never thought of hating or enjoying it particularly. It is my metier—my trade. I suppose I shall always teach."

"You shall not," said Hugh, fiercely.

They were alone for those few minutes, and the gas had been turned low. Pauline reached her hand up to the burner, but Hugh caught her by the wrist.

"Pauline," he said, and his voice trembled a little.

"Hush, Hugh," she whispered softly. Then he kissed her hand.

M. Valrey came in with his spectacles and newspaper.

"It is very dark here," he said. He turned on the gas, and when the light flooded the room he did not seem to notice the two flushed, excited faces that it revealed, but seated himself deliberately by the table and unfolded his paper.

Hugh's breath came thick and hard. His eyes sought Pauline's and she lifted hers with a smile that answered him. Love needs no words; love can beg and yield in silence.

The "step aside" is Pauline's, when, after the death of her father, she is left to struggle on as governess and companion at the house of poor Hugh's employer, who has even then learned to love her. Brought in contact with wealth, her future with Hugh seems very small, and lacking in all these essential things a sensitive woman loves and craves. The story of her temptation, this thoroughly natural struggle which goes on unknown to her young lover, is keenly analyzed and well worked out. There are few, if any, incidents in this course of true love, but many clever bits of character, and evidences of human nature, and that gradual lowering of moral tone, until Hugh, at last, yields to the necessity of providing a home for Pauline, and takes money which does not belong to him, with which he speculates and loses. In his desperation he confesses to Prosper, the man who employs him, and who is only too glad to have him err, that he has embezzled. Prosper glances at his watch, hardly seeing the hands. He was thinking of Pauline Valrey, not of his lawyer, with whom he had an engagement that afternoon. What would she do, now that her lover was disgraced? He pitied the man before him, and he could not bear to look again at Hugh's white face.

"I am sorry, Langmuir," he said, "but there is nothing to be done. To punish you would not bring back the money, even if you had taken twenty times a thousand dollars. These things are best hushed up. Of course the men in the office will know, or suspect at any rate, but it can be kept quiet. Perhaps you had better go."

"If you want me," said Hugh, "you can find me. Anyway, I have told you." He drew a deep sigh. "I'd like to pay the money back," he added. "I was crazy when I took it." He laid his hand on the door knob, and then turned and looked Prosper full in the face.

"Goodby," he said.

His tone startled Prosper. "Don't loose your head, Langmuir," he exclaimed. "Don't"—

He was speaking to the empty air, for Hugh had passed out of the office. He took his hat and coat and went into the street, making his way home mechanically, and let himself into the house with his latchkey. No one saw or heard him, and he stole softly up to his room. He felt such great relief that the worst was over, that he was conscious of a sensation akin to happiness. He sat down by the table and wrote a letter to Pauline, telling her the whole story in as few words as he could, and then he stopped to think. At last, he simply signed his name to the confession, addressed the letter, and carried it out to the letter-box on the corner. He saw the postman coming up the street, saw him unlock the box and slip his letter along with rest into the bag. She would get it that evening. He smiled. He believed that she would cling to him in spite of every thing. Slowly he walked to the house, past it, on toward the East river, strolling about aimlessly until twilight. Mrs. Terry heard him come in, and she met him in the hall.

"Hugh," she said, "do you know this is Pauline's birthday?"

"Why, I had forgotten it, but she is coming here, isn't she? Mr. Kane told me. O, it was a secret, I was to be surprised. Well, no matter, I'll make believe be surprised."

Mrs. Terry thrust a note into his hand. "Read it," she said, and he read it. "You see what she says," cried Mrs. Terry in anger, "and she promised she'd be here, and I went and made a cake and got candies to stick around it, the more fool me! I might have known she didn't care any thing about us. She's deceiving you and me and every body."

"She promised to be here?" he said.

"Yes, and she was so pleased, and you wasn't to know; and there Mr. Kane has gone and got some flowers for her. O, I could shake her, Hugh."

No, Pauline is with Miss Berryan and Prosper at the Academy, Delmonico's, anywhere but in the grimy boarding-house celebrating her birthday. And Hugh goes to seek her, to look once more at her flower-like face before doing—what? Fate, however, ordains it otherwise, for Hugh meets with an accident as he leaves the opera-house, and is taken almost lifeless to Mrs. Terry's, where Pauline is summoned as she finishes reading Hugh's despairing letter. The awakening, the repentance, the reviving love which has never really died, bring Pauline swiftly to her senses, and it is at Hugh's bedside that the truth of it all dawns on them both.

"Yes" he said, "we must keep together, come what may."

They looked at each other as they stood there. It was here that they had first come face to face; here that they had first exchanged a glance and a smile. It seemed so long ago; they had grown so old and careworn since. Then, the future had held forth promises, and now those promises had changed to regrets. They went into the house, up the stairs, and in the dusky hall where they had so often paused for a fond good-night. Hugh took her hand in both of his.

"Shall it be to-morrow?" he said. She put her arms around his neck and laid her face upon his breast.

"Yes, but it might have been so different but for me."—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

HORSES AS NOVELTIES.

The First That Were Seen by the Astonished Sandwich Islanders.

In 1803 Captain Richard Cleveland, of Salem, took to the Sandwich Islands several horses, an event thus recorded in his life by his son:

Touching at Cape St. Lucas, where they purchased "another pretty mare with foal," for which they paid in goods which cost in Europe one and a-half dollars, they took their departure on the 30th of May and arrived at Karakaroa bay, Sandwich Islands, on the 21st of June. They found it was the season of a periodical taboo, during which no canoes were allowed to stir; but the next day John Young came on board and told them that the King was at Mowee.

Young was very desirous of having one of the horses, and, thinking that the probability of their increase would be better secured by leaving them in different places, they next day moved to Tooagah bay, near Young's residence, and landed the mare, of which he took charge. This was the first horse ever seen in Owyhee, and naturally excited great astonishment among the natives.

From here they went to Mowee and were first boarded by Isaac Davis, who, with John Young, comprised at the time the European population of the islands.

Soon after a large double canoe came off, from which a powerfully-built, athletic man, nearly naked, came on board and was introduced by Davis as Tamaahmaah, the great King. His reception of them was not such as they had anticipated, nor could they account for his apparent coolness and lack of interest, except on the supposition that it was mere affectation. He took only a careless look at the horses, and returned to the shore without expressing any curiosity about them. His subjects, however, were not restrained by any desire to appear unconcerned. The news of the arrival of the wonderful animals spread rapidly, the decks were crowded with visitors, and next day, when they were landed, a great multitude had assembled, evidently with no definite conception of any use that could be made of them. As might be expected from people who had never seen a larger animal than a pig, they were at first afraid to approach them, and their amazement reached its climax when one of the sailors mounted the back of one of them and galloped up and down upon the beach. They were greatly alarmed at first, for the safety of the rider, but when they saw how completely he controlled the animal, and how submissively and quietly the latter exerted his powers in obedience to his will, they seemed to have a dawning conception of the value of such a possession and rent the air with shouts of admiration.

The King, however, could not be betrayed into any expression of wonder or surprise, and, although he expressed his thanks when told they were intended as a present to himself, he only remarked that he could not perceive that their ability to carry a man quickly from one place to another would be a sufficient compensation for the great amount of food they would necessarily require.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A MOMENT'S ANGER.

How It Embittered the Entire After-Life of Two School-Mates.

In a moment of anger a man may do what he will regret during all his after-life. The following is an illustration of this fact. Two boys, Jerre Blunt and Will Hamlin, had been playfellows from babyhood, going to school together, and studied from the same books. They rarely disagreed.

One morning the two boys started off to school as usual. On the way a dispute arose about a jack-knife. Will had, the previous day, borrowed Jerre's knife; and when he returned it the rivet was loose. Jerre said little at the time, but this unfortunate morning it was alluded to with considerable bitterness.

"You tried to spoil my knife 'cause you haint got one yourself!" said Jerre, angrily.

"I didn't!" said Will; "an' you lie if you say so!"

More angry words followed; then blows. Neither of the boys could tell who struck the first blow; but they fought like wild beasts. Will was thrown to the ground, and before he could rise Jerre's copper-toed boot hit him twice in the back. He cried out sharply with pain and then lay very still. He was laying partly on his face, his back towards Jerre, and as he did not move Jerre cried out, with boyish scorn:

"Want to make believe I've hurt ye awful! I hope I have, so't you'll let my jack-knife alone!" and he turned and walked towards the school-house. After going a short distance he looked back, and seeing that Will had not moved, he exclaimed:

"You'd better be comin' along; you'll be late!" and then he walked slowly back, and bending down took Will's arm, saying, more gently, for he had become somewhat alarmed at his friend's silence: "Get up and come along to school. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Oh, my back!" said Will, as if recovering from unconsciousness, and moving slightly, turned a white face towards Jerre. "It feels so bad!" He tried to rise. "I can't! I can't!" he moaned, and sank back.

Jerre was thoroughly alarmed now, and tried to assist him, but Will only groaned with pain at each effort.

A neighbor's team came along at that moment, and the driver, seeing that something was wrong, lifted Will into his wagon, and told Jerre to go and call the doctor.

For long, painful weeks and months poor Will lay on his bed helpless; then he began to sit in a chair, and at last to walk with the aid of crutches. It was not long after, the sorrowful decision was given: "Will can never walk without his crutches," poor Jerre was perhaps the most unhappy one of all concerned. Gladly would he have exchanged his own sound body for his friend's crippled one, for he felt that he was the cause of his misfortune.

Had the two lads been the bitterest enemies they could have wished no worse fate for each other, the one a pitiful cripple, the other life-long regret—and all for a moment's anger.—*Youth's Companion.*

BUSINESS LIFE.

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

What God Intended to Be a School of Christian Energy, of Patience, for the Attainment of Knowledge, and of Christian Integrity.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Dr. Talmage, in his services at the Tabernacle this morning, took for his text Romans 12:11: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." He said:

Industry, devotedness, Christian service, are all recommended in this one short text. What, is it possible to conjoin them? O, yes; there is no war between religion and business, between Bibles and ledgers, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. To the judgment it gives more skillful balancing—to the will more strength—to industry more muscle—to enthusiasm a more concentrated fire. You can not show me a man whose business prospects have in any wise been despoiled by his religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners; manufacturers, such as take the corn and change it into food, or the wool and flax and change them into apparel; traders, who make a profit out of the transfer and exchange of that which is produced or manufactured. Now, a business man may belong to one of these classes, or he may belong to all of them. Whatever be your avocation, if you plan, calculate, bargain; if into your life there come annoyances, vexations and disappointments, as well as gains, dividends and percentages; if you are harrassed with a multiplicity of engagements—in a word, if you are driven from Monday morning to Saturday night, and from January to January, with relentless obligations and duty, then you are a business man or a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are apt to speak of the moil and tug of business life as though it were an inquisition or a prison into which a man is thrown, or an unequal strife where, half armed, he goes to contend. Hear me this morning, while I try to show you that God intended business life to be a glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be successful in what I say I shall rub the wrinkles out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

I have first to remark to you that God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian energy. God started us in the world, giving us a certain amount of raw material out of which we were to hew our own character. Every faculty needs to be reset, rounded, sharpened up. After our young people have graduated from the schools and colleges and universities, they need a higher education, that which the collision and rasping of every-day life alone can effect. Energy of soul is wrought out only in the fire, and when a man for ten, fifteen, or twenty or thirty years has been going through business activities, his energy can no longer be measured by weights, or plummets, or ladders. It can scale any height. It can plummet any depth. It can thrash any obstacle. Now, do you suppose that God has spent all this education on you for the purpose of making you a more successful worldling, of enabling you to more rapidly accumulate dollars, making you sharp in a trade? Did God make you merely to be a yardstick to measure cloths, or a steelyard to weigh flour? And did He intend you to spend your life in doing nothing but chaffer and higgle?

My friend, He has put you in this school to develop your energy for His cause and kingdom. There is enough unemployed talent in the churches, and in the world, to-day to reform all empires, and all kingdoms, and all people, in three weeks. O, how much idleness and strong muscle and stout hearts—how many deep streams that turn no mill-wheels and haul on the bands of no factory! God demands that He have the best lamb out of every flock, the richest sheaf in every harvest, the best men of every generation; and in a cause where the Newtons and the Lockes and the Mansfields of the earth were proud to enlist, you and I need not be ashamed to toil. O, for fewer idlers and for more consecrated Christian workers.

Again; God intended business life to be to you a school of patience. How many little things there are in one day's engagements to perturb, and annoy, and disquiet you. Bargains will rub, and men will break their engagements; collecting agents will come back empty-handed; tricksters in business will play upon what they call the "hard times," when in any times they never pay; goods placed on the wrong shelf; cash book and money-drawer in a quarrel; goods ordered for an especial emergency failing to come, or, if coming, damaged in the transportation; people who intend no harm going about shopping, unrolling goods they do not mean to buy, and trying to break the dozen; men obliged to take up other people's notes; more counterfeit bills in the drawer; more bad debts; another ridiculous panic.

Under all this friction men break down, or they are scoured up into additional brightness. How many you and I have known who, in the past few years, have gone down under the pressure, and have become petulant, and choleric, and crabbed, and sour, and pugnacious, until customers forsook their stores, and these merchants have become insolvent, and their names were pronounced with detestation. But other men have found in this a school for patience. They toughened under the exposure. They were like rocks, more serviceable for the blasting. There was a time when they had to choke down their wrath; there was a time when they had to bite their lip; there was a time when they thought of stinging retort they would like to utter. But now they have conquered their impatience; they have kind words for sarcastic flings; they have a polite behavior for discourteous customers; they have forbearance for unfortunate debtors; they have moral reflections for the sudden reverses of fortune.

How are you going to get that grace of patience? Not through hearing ministers preach about it. O, no! If you get it at all you will get it in the world, where you sell hats, and plead causes, and tin roofs, and make shoes, and turn banisters, and plow corn. I pray God that through the turmoil and sweat and exasperation of your every day life you may hear the voice of Christ saying to you: "If patience possess your soul, let patience have a perfect work."

Again: God intended business life to be to you a school for the attainment of knowledge. Merchants do not read many books, nor study many lexicons, nor dive into great profounds, yet through the force of circumstances they get intelligent on questions of politics, and finance, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a hard school-mistress; if her pupils will not learn in any other way, with unmerciful hand she smites them on the head and on the heart with inexorable loss. You went into some business enterprise, and five thousand dollars got out of your grasp. You say the five thousand dollars were wasted. O, no, that was only tuition—expensive schooling, but it was worth it. Misfortune, with hard hand, comes upon a man and wakes him up, and by the very force of circumstance, business men get to be intelligent. Traders in grains must know about foreign harvests; traders in fruit must know about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods must know about the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must know the new law of copyright; owners of ships come to understand winds, and shoals, and navigation. And so every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas, become literature to our business men.

Now, what is the use of all this intelligence unless you give it to Christ. Do you suppose God gives you these opportunities of brightening up your intellect and of increasing your knowledge merely to get larger treasures and grander business? O, no! Can it be that you have been learning about foreign lands and people that dwell under other skies, and yet have no missionary spirit. Can it be that you have been learning the follies and trickeries and hollowness of the business world, and yet you are not trying to bring to bear upon them this Gospel which is to correct all abuses, and abolish all ignorance, and correct all mistakes, and arrest all crime, and irradiate all darkness, and lift up all wretchedness? Can it be that, notwithstanding your acquaintance with the intricacies of business, you are ignorant of those things which will last the soul long after bills of exchange and commission, and invoices and consignments, and rent rolls, have crumpled up and consumed in the fires of a judgment day!

Again: God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian integrity. No age of the world ever offered so many inducements for scoundrelism as are offered now. There is hardly a statute on the law books that has not some back door through which miscreants can escape. How many deceptions in the fabric of goods. Commercial life plies the land with trickeries innumerable, and there are so many people in Brooklyn and New York who live a life of plunder, that when a man proposes a straightforward, honest business, it is almost charged to greenness and want of tact. Ah, my brethren, this ought not to be. But I have to tell you that it requires more grace to be honest now than it did in the days of our fathers, when business was plain, and there was no stock gamblers, and woolen was woolen, and silk was silk, and men were men. How rare it is that you find a man who can from his heart say: "I never cheated in trade; I never overestimated the value of goods when I was selling them; I never covered up defect in a fabric; I never played upon the ignorance of a customer, and in all my estate there is not one dishonest farthing."

There are those who can say it. They never let their integrity bow or cringe to present advantage. They are as pure and Christian now as on the day when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter. There were times when they could have robbed a partner; when they could have absconded with the funds of a bank; when they could have sprung a snap judgment; when they could have borrowed illimitably; when they could have made a false assignment; when they could have ruined a neighbor for the purpose of picking up some of the fragments; but they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. Now they can pray without being haunted with the chink of dishonest gold; now they can read the Bible without thinking of the day when, with a lie on their soul, they kissed a book in the custom house; now they can look into the laughing faces of their children without thinking of orphans left by them penniless and houseless; now they can think of death without having their knees knock together, and their hearts sink, and their teeth chatter, because there is a judgment where all defrauders, and jockeys, and tricksters, and charlatans, shall be doubly damned. Now they can read in the Bible without flinching: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool."

Alas! if any of you, for the purpose of getting out of temporary embarrassment, dare to sell your soul, or any portion of it! You may wake up in the midst of embarrassment and say: "No one is looking; this transaction may be a little out of the way, but it is only once, only once." On that one occasion you not only wreck your spiritual nature, but you despoil your business prospects. You put one dishonest dollar in an estate, but it will not stand. You may take a dishonest dollar and put it down in the very depths of the earth, and you may roll on the top of it rocks and mountains, and on the top of those rocks and mountains you may put all the banks and moneyed institutions, piling them up heaven high, but that one dishonest dollar down in the depths of the earth will begin to rock, and heave, and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. You can not hide a dishonest dollar.

In the review of this subject there are two or three things I want to say, and the first is, let us have a larger sympathy for business men. I think it is a shame that in our pulpits we do not oftener preach on this subject and show that we appreciate the sorrows, and struggles, and temptations, and trials of every-day life. Men who toil with the hands are very apt to be suspicious of those who move in the world of traffic, and think that they get their money idly, and that they give no equivalent. Men who raise the corn, and wheat, and rye, and oats are very apt to think that grain merchants get easy profits. The first is very apt to be jealous of the brain.

Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to all kinds of merchandise that they said commerce was a curse to the earth, and they recommended that cities should never be built any nearer the sea-coast than ten miles. But we have become wiser than that, and you know that there are no harder workers than those who plan and calculate in stores and banks and counting houses. What though their apparel be neat, what though their manners be refined, do not put them down as idlers. They carry loads heavier than a hod of bricks, they go into exposures keener than the cutting of the east wind, they scale mountains higher than the Alps and Himalayas, and maintaining their Christian integrity, Christ will at last accost them, saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I also enjoin you to quit all fretfulness about business matters. Is there not something in your own household that you would not give up for the worldly success other men have? Besides that, if these trials lifted you up, you ought to bless God for the whip of discipline. The larger the note you have to pay, the greater the uncertainty of business life, the better for your soul if Jesus Christ leads you triumphantly through. How do I know? I know it by this principle—the hotter the furnace the better the refining. There have been thousands of men who have gone through the same path you are now going through with an aching heart. There are multitudes before the throne of God who were lashed with cares and anxieties innumerable, and were cheated out of every thing but their coffin. They were sued; they were ejected; they were imprisoned for debt; they were maltreated; they were throttled by constables with whole packs of writs; they were sold out by sheriffs; they had to confess judgments; they had to compromise with creditors, and their last hour on earth was disturbed by the fact that their door-bell was rung loudly and angrily by the hand of some impetuous creditor, who was surprised that the sick man should be so impertinent and outrageous as to die before he had paid him the last three shillings and sixpence.

O, how men are tossed and driven! I had a friend who went from one anxiety to another; a good and great heart he had, but every thing he put his hand to seemed to fail. Misfortunes clustered around, and after awhile I heard he was dead, and the first word I said was: "Good, he has got rid of the sheriffs." There is a great multitude of business men who on earth had it hard, but by the Grace of God they stand triumphant in Heaven; and when the question is asked of them: "Who are they?" the angels of God, standing on seas of glass, will cry out: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Once more: I want you to seek business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade, may do very well for awhile; but there will come a time when the ground will slip from under your feet, and the world will frown, and the devils will set after your soul, and you will want more then than this world can give you; you will want the Eternal Rock to stand on. For the lack of that grace you have known men to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and you have seen their names bulletined among scoundrels, and spit upon, and blistered by scorn, and ground to powder. They not only lost their property, but their souls were mauled, and putrified, and blasted for eternity. You could count up scores of such persons; while there are others who, tossed on the same sea, sustained by the grace of God, have all the time kept their eye on the light-house.

Men coming out of that man's store say: "If there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Stern integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the future world flashed through the show windows. Wrath never stamped that floor, nor did any dishonor cover up imperfections in goods. Love to God and love to men were the principles that ruled in the store of that Christian trader. Some day the shutters are not let down from the store window and the bars are not taken from the door; men pass along, and stop, and stare, and go up to read a card on the door which announces: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That death—it is talked in commercial circles that a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray: "Help, Lord, for the Godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain; he has suffered his last loss; he has ached with his last fatigue; the result of his Christian industry will bless his children after he is dead, and bequests to the Kingdom of God will gather many sons into glory. Everlasting rewards in place of business discipline! There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

BRIDAL COUPLES.

A Photographer Tells How These Happy Mortals Have Their Pictures Taken.

"Tell you something about bridal couples who get their pictures taken? Well, they are the hardest people to photograph that come here. We always take them on a 'wet plate,' and it takes twenty-five seconds fully to get any thing like satisfactory results. You see, they are mostly always nervous. The groom is especially so, and, while we can take a baby's picture in six seconds, it takes four times as long to photograph an ordinary bridal couple. It's rather funny, but the trouble is all on account of the man, that is to say, it is so in the great majority of cases. He gets rattled, you know, but the woman, the bride I ought to say, why, she is as cool as can be. No trouble at all with the brides. Sometimes they come here on their way to church, sometimes on their way home after leaving church; then, again, it often happens they come four or five weeks after their marriage to get their pictures. The bride, she takes her white dress with her, you know, and we have a lady attendant here to fix her up. That part of it doesn't take a great while."

"How do they usually want to be taken?"

"Well, the new style is standing up, that is liked better, the groom standing on the right side, the bride's right hand in his right hand. The old way, in which the groom was seated while the bride had her hand on his shoulder, is going out of fashion, or rather it is already out of fashion. Every body got to guying those pictures, you know, there was always a funny look on the groom's face, just as if he felt he'd been taken in. And his new clothes never looked well; but standing up there is always a chance to have the clothes hang properly, and so the new style is to have the pictures taken standing."—*Chicago News.*

FASHION IN REMEDIES.

A Remedial Agent Which the Physician Is Compelled to Acknowledge.

Prof. Leyden, president of the Berlin Society of Medicine, has this to say regarding the value of fashion in remedies: "No experienced physician will disregard the influence of fashion on medicine and therapeutics; fashion constitutes, I aver, a remedial agent which the physician has, in some degree, to acknowledge. Patients have more confidence in remedies which are of the fashion of the day, and more willingly submit to deprivations enforced by a treatment if this happens to be in fashion i. e., if a number of well-known leaders of society and of their personal acquaintances have accepted it. This influence of fashion we have met with in a remarkable manner in the different methods of treatment of obesity. Twenty years ago Banting's cure was in fashion, which, if used with certain rational restrictions, I still consider the best treatment. At that time persons of the better classes, who fancied or observed the slightest propensity to become stouter, adopted Banting's dietary. At present, for the same reason, they barely dare to partake of soups, and either limit to the utmost their drinks, or entirely abstain from liquids, and consider thirst a far less severe penance than any other kind of treatment."—*N. Y. Post.*

Freaks of the Sense of Smell.

Arthur Mitchell, of 34 Drummond Place, Edinburgh, writes: I know a person who has never been conscious of any odor from a bed of mignonette, and I know another person who has never been conscious of any odor from a bean field. Both of these persons have the sense of smell acute and discriminating as regards other odors. I know persons who can not discover a difference between certain odors which are very different to ordinary persons. Then there are persons who are sickened by certain odors which usually give pleasure. A considerable number of persons seem to be altogether destitute of the sense of smell; and on the other hand there are a few who have the sense very strongly developed. I am at present investigating peculiarities of this sense, and I shall feel obliged to any one who will furnish me with illustrations or examples—whatever their character may be—with such fullness and precision as will enable me to use them in a scientific inquiry.—*Nature.*

Always Remained Clean.

Some visitors were down in a coal mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant. It was perfectly white. They were astonished that, amid the coal-dust, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner who was with them took a handful of black dust and threw it upon the plant, but not a particle adhered. Every atom of dust rolled off. The visitors repeated the experiment, but the coal-dust would not cling. If God can so form that little plant that no dust can cling to it, can He not also transform our hearts by His grace, that no sin can cling to them? If He can keep that herb in the coal mine pure and white, can He not keep my heart as white as snow?—*Teachers' Journal.*

Not Drawing Near in Faith.

She only touched with the touch of faith; the multitude pressing and thronging round, though as near or nearer in body, yet lacked that faith which is the connecting link between Christ's power and our need; and thus they crowded upon Christ, but did not touch Him in any way He should take note of. And thus it is ever in the church; many press upon Christ, His in name, near to Him and to His sacraments outwardly; yet not touching Him, because not drawing near in faith, not looking for, and therefore not obtaining, life and healing from Him, through these.—*Archbishop Trench.*

WHAT the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside.—*A. A. Willits.*

ALL of us who are worth any thing spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—*Shelley's Letters.*

WATCHMAKERS describe the recent attack on the Salvation Army in Berne as a "Swiss movement."